THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, December 7, 1807.

Description of the First Interview, after an Absence of several Years, between an only Daughter, and her dissipated Parents.

[From " A Winter in Bath."]

ELATED by hope, and with a heart beating high with expectation, Adriana Hartley, who was now seventeen, found the chaise stop at the door of her father's elegant mansion, in Grosvenor-square. Four years had elapsed since she had seen either of her parents; she had been placed at a school in the north of England, where, satisfied with hearing from time to time of her health, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley left her, and pursued their gay routine in London and the country, without taking " an expensive journey to visit a child, to whom they could do no manner of good, and from the visiting of whom, from her being placed quite out of the vicinity of their friends and acquaintances, there was no way of combining *pleasure* with such a tour." The death of Mrs. Villers, the worthy governess of the academy, obliged this easy couple to think of a new situation for Adriana; and as they were obliged to remove her speedily from the house which had contained her for the last nine years, they directed her to be conducted to London, by a trusty servant, resolving to keep her for a few days, 'till they had settled where to fix her.

The heart of Adriana was rightly moulded, and Mrs. Villers had faithfully performed the task which had been so entirely confided to her. The first real sorrow which her pupil had felt, was the death of her beloved governess; yet did she not yield to the impressions of grief: Mrs. Villers was relieved from a long period of suffering, and she had cheerfully re-

signed her breath to him who had bestowed it, with the firm faith and hope of a Christian! Adriana had received the last pressure of affection from that hand, which opened to close no more! but she chased off the warm tears of sorrow from her cheek, when she recollected that Mrs. Villers had told her, it was selfish to indulge grief for those who were removed to a state of happiness.

Filial affection reigned triumphant in her bosom, at receiving the summons to come home to her father and mother! She recollected the sweet smiles which had always played on the lovely countenance of that mother, when she had seen her even but for a few minutes; every feature was still plainly depicted to her "mind's eye," as if seen but yesterday. The manly form of her father, too, was distinctly remembered; and that which had been the first wish of her heart, from the dawn of reason, to these her riper years, was now about to be realized—she was to live with her parents!

It was ten at night when she entered the mansion of her father; her head grew giddy, from the sudden cessation of that rapid motion which she had experienced for the last three days; her heart panted, and her knees trembled at the thoughts of beholding and being embraced by her dear parents. She was ushered up stairs by a footman, into a small but elegant boudoir, where a good fire and silence were all that awaited her. A faint sickness crept round her heart, she staggered to a sopha, and was seating herself, when a loud scream saluted her ears, and a monkey springing on her, violently seized her arm between his teeth. Adriana shrieked in her turn; the door burst open, a fine showy personage entered, and catching up the marmoset, cried—"Oh! Heavens bless ye, Miss, I hope you a'nt hurt! Come away, you vile little wretch! come, Mr. Pug—come, Sir, come with me! I hope, Miss, that the *mischeevous* little *hanimal* has'nt scratch'd off the skin from your poor *harm*: 'tis quite Mrs. Hartley's pet, I assure ye, and when she's away, won't let any body come into the *bureau* with *impurity*." "I was more frightened than hurt," said Adriana; "though I believe I should not have been so easily alarmed, but my journey has fatigued me:—and pray are my papa and mamma apprised of my arrival?" asked she faulteringly. "Oh! yes, Miss! they won't be *surprised*, they both knew as you were *suspected* to *harrive* to night; but they desired you would take every refreshment, and make yourself quite comfortable. Mrs. Hartley is gone to Mrs. Curzon's party, and then to Lady Honoria Elmer's, and after to a ball and supper at my Lady *What is its*." "And my papa is gone with her, of course?" "Oh! dear no, Miss! he's gone to Brookes's, I suppose, or—but," stroking the little marmoset, which she still held on her arm, "what will you take, Miss Hartley, after your journey? any thing

thing that you will mention, I will *instantanously* order the housekeeper to get, and one of the footmen shall bring it up. Suppose now you were to take a little *hamlet*, Miss, or some *verysilly soop*, or some macaronis and cheese, or, for my part, (lie still little Pug!) I know nothing as I prefer to a glass of *knowyou*, with a few *ratified* cakes, after a journey?" If Mrs. Davers had been correct in her list, Adriana being wholly unacquainted with these viands, would have refused them; but she had no inclination to eat, and scarcely heard the voluble and officious attendant. She felt the pain of "hope deferred," when she found that she was not yet to see her parents, and her voice was impeded by her rising emotions as she tried to speak. "They will not be at home yet then?" she said. "Oh! bless ye! no, Miss; but they desired you would make yourself quite comfortable after your journey, and do just as you liked: so, perhaps, Miss, you would like to go to bed?" "If you please," replied Adriana. "Why, after a long journey and fatigue, bed, I must say, is the very best place. I believe your room is quite ready, Miss,—shall I shew you to it?" Adriana gave her assent by rising from her seat; and when her officious attendant had closed the door on her for the night, she laid her throbbing head on the pillow, and burst into a violent flood of tears. She knew not the cause of her emotion; a combination of feelings, operating with fatigue, united to produce it; and disappointment, perhaps, had its full share, though she did not place it to that account.

It was nine o'clock when Adriana ventured to peep out of her apartment: all was silent—every door in the passage was closed,—not a sound was heard. She walked on a few paces, when she saw a door gently and cautiously opened: it led to another flight of stairs; and with shoes in hand, and evident symptoms of being just escaped from the arms of Morpheus, the housemaid made her appearance. She started at seeing Adriana, who gently enquired if Mr. and Mrs. Hartley were stirring. "Oh! no, Mem!" said the servant whispering and pointing towards a door, "Oh! law, no! there is my mistress safe enough for these four hours, I warrant; and my master, he won't be down much before, I suppose: that's his room, down the gallery." Adriana turned from her informer, and re-entered her chamber. She sat down on her bed: she was, indeed, launched on a new world, for every thing was new to her: she was perfectly ignorant of its customs and its manners; to her it seemed singular to find that her parents were divided, though living under the same roof; to her it also appeared singular, that that roof had for many hours sheltered their only child, whom they had not seen for a long period, without their making one effort to bring her to their presence. "If such be the world," said she, "the knowledge of it is

not to be coveted!" But Adriana sighed as this remark crossed her mind, for did it not contain an implied accusation of her parents? and "to honour her father and mother," had been early impressed on her young mind by Mrs. Villers. Yet, warm in her affections, and sanguine in her hopes, the chill of disappointment had already pierced her heart; and the anxious wish of being received to the bosom of her mother, and being held in the arms of her father, was insensibly fading away, and an apprehension arising of something in the approaching interview, as new and as unexpected as all that she had seen since she entered the house.

At half past ten, breakfast was served to Adriana in a parlour, and she was interrupted an hour after from pensive reflection, by a summons to Mrs. Hartley's dressing-room. Her knees smote each other as she followed the servant, but she tried to arm herself with courage. "Miss Hartley, Sir," said the man, as he opened the door. "Let her come in," answered a voice from behind a folding screen, which she recognised for her father's. "How are you, Adriana?" said Mr. Hartley; but as she came within his view, the feelings of a father seemed to give way to the acquired politeness and complaisance of the well-bred man of the world. At seeing an elegant female, he rose from his seat, laid down the newspaper he had been studying, and bowed to his daughter; while that daughter, overcome by emotion, sunk on her knees before him! "Rise, Adriana!" said Mr. Hartley, gently taking her up, and imprinting a kiss on her forehead: "I declare I had almost forgotten you. Why you are absolutely grown out of knowledge!" as he looked on her with strong marks of admiration. "You have not seen Mrs. Hartley, of course—she will be as much surprised as myself; you will make us quite old, child!" said he, laughing. "You are a good girl, I dare say; I have heard great accounts of you from Mrs. Villers." "She was kind, Sir, to speak favourably of me," said Adriana: "I hope I shall do nothing to forfeit her good report." "I dare say not, I dare say not," said Mr. Hartley, examining her countenance with great attention. "A whim has just entered my head: give me your hand, child; I will intrude into Mrs. Hartley's boudoir, merely to see if she will recognise her great girl." "But may not the surprise, Sir—?" asked Adriana hesitatingly. "O never mind, we will go?" and he led to the room where our heroine had been ushered the preceding night. He made signs to Adriana to keep silence, as he opened the door without knocking.

Softly Mr. Hartley led Adriana to her mother. She heard, she saw them not, 'till she was thus addressed: "Mrs. Hartley, this lady wishes to be introduced to you, and I have taken on myself that office." "Good Heavens! Mr. Hartley, how

you

you fright me!" said his lady, starting from her chair, glancing a side look at Adriana, making a gentle bend of her body, and then quickly averting her countenance. "My dishabille—my —indeed, Hartley, I could have wished that you had given me some little notice of your intention." "Come, come, no foolery!" said Mr. Hartley, "turn round to us again, we will not notice the want of rouge; turn round, Caroline, and embrace your child!" "Impossible!" said Mrs. Hartley. "Not impossible!" said Adriana, advancing to her mother, and bending her knee; the crimson mantling in her cheeks, tears starting to her eyes. "Not impossible!" said Hartley, "for look at her again, and behold the picture of yourself! see that Caroline Cosby, who some eighteen years since *was* the——" "Hold! what signifies your chronological accuracy, ending with *was?*" said Mrs. Hartley, affecting liveliness as she held out her hand, and kissed the cheek of her daughter: "I am glad to see you, my love; come, sit down, as you *have* seen me, you may as well stay now; but, I confess, I was not exactly prepared for the intrusion. Should you have known me, Adriana? I don't think I should have recollected *you* let me have seen you where I would." "I should never have forgotten either of my parents," replied Adriana, warmly. "You do us more honour than we deserve, I fear, Adriana," said Hartley, with a half sigh. Hartley's hand was on the lock of the door; he bowed, smiled to Adriana in return for her respectful courtesy, and left the room. "You are very tall! how old are you, Adriana?" asked her mother. "Seventeen last November, Ma'am." "Are you sure? is it possible, child! you must be mistaken!" "I believe not, Ma'am." "Yes, yes, you are right, I dare say; for it was natural for you to remember, what it is natural, perhaps, that I should forget: but even now, I recollect the gloomy month of November, shut up at the manor in Devonshire, not a soul to speak to but the nurse, the apothecary, my mother, and my husband!—You do not recollect the manor, Adriana?" "No, Ma'am." "Well then, you shall judge of its capabilities, for I mean to spare you to Mrs. Cosby; she longs to see you." "I hope my grandmamma is well?" said Adriana. "I believe so; I dare say she is, for I think Davers said she saw a letter in her handwriting yesterday, but I had not time to open it. You shall stay a day or two with us though, Adriana, and you shall see ——tell me, what would you like to see?—take your choice." The heart of Adriana was full: she was disappointed in her parents; her ripened judgment, and her discriminating intellect could not overlook the apathy, the levity, the unfeeling coldness, which were displayed in their manners and sentiments; but it did not become her, she well knew, to indulge these thoughts. "You hardly know what to fix on, I suppose?"

pose?" "Is the exhibition open, Madam?" asked Adriana, ashamed of her silence. "The exhibition!" repeated Mrs. Hartley, in a tone of surprise, "yes, it is: what you have a taste for paintings?" "I am very fond of them, Madam." "You shall go child! I will get Davers to take you there some morning, when she is at leisure: but Heaven knows when that will be, for Davers does not much like to be put out of her way—heigho!" yawning and stretching. "I believe I must ring for her to come and beautify me, for I have an engagement at three o'clock; we shall dine *en famille* to day, Adriana, so you will met us at six: in the mean time, take possession of the room where you breakfasted, and amuse yourself in any way that is most agreeable to you. Adieu, my dear child!" shaking her by the hand. Adriana courtesied, yet could not speak; she quitted the boudoir, and having found her way into the breakfast-room, she threw herself into a chair, and gave vent to her full heart in tears.

The *sang froid* with which her parents treated her, wounded her more than the most forbidding *hauteur* could have done; the latter she might have hoped to disperse by respectful and dutiful behaviour, but the former exhibited so much of selfish apathy, that she feared she should never make herself a nearer interest in their hearts. Mrs. Hartley affected to consider her as a child, and had not condescended to enter into any thing more than a *dialogue*, which was adapted to the medium of a child's understanding. The pride of Adriana had here felt an acute stab: she was conscious of her own mental powers, but she felt they required drawing out, to be known; for diffident of her talents, her natural timidity, and her ignorance of the world, gave her an appearance of shyness and reserve, which speedily melted away before the genial smile of encouragement. "Alas! how is my mother altered! the bright sparkling of her eye, the bright bloom of her cheek, are gone," sighed she; "what a faded countenance is here! Sure she is out of health; and yet she will send her child from her—that child, whose first wish would be to show her duty and her love!—Love!" repeated she, "my mother will not let me love her!"

ADVERTISEMENT.

Copied from an American Newspaper.

TO be let, the most enchanting farm in America, which in truth, may be called the *Eden* of Columbia. A spot selected by the hand of *taste*, from the *volume* of nature, and afterwards embellished by *art*. This *paradise*, in miniature, is planted with the whispering pine, and trembling aspin; watered

tered with rivers that warble as they roll, and encircled with hedges, flowered with eglantine, and even vocal with sylvan song. This delicious retreat lies within two miles of Benington, &c.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 13.

MR. EDITOR,

AMONG the worthy members of the last house of commons were,

Two Kings,	A Ryder,	Two Spencers,
A Bishopp,	A Savage, and	A Patten,
An Abbott,	Two Bastards!	Two Poles,
A Chaplin, and	Also	Two Penns,
Parsons.	A Barne,	A Bond,
Two Butlers,	A Beach,	Two Lemons, and
Two Bakers,	Three Moores,	A Rose.
A Fuller,	Three Hills,	Some Cocks,
A Forester, and	Three Brookes,	A Finch,
A Gardner.	Three Pitts,	Two Martins,
A Knight,	A Temple,	A Rooke.
A Sarjeant,	Four Fanes, and	A Bullock,
A Steward,	Two Woods.	A Fox,
A Cooke,	An Orchard,	Two Lambs, and
A Cooper,	A Warren,	A Ram!
Three Fellowes,	A Greene,	
A Hussey,	Two Mills, and	
Ten Smiths,	Two Wards.	

There was but one *Mann* amongst the whole of them, but no one could accuse them of a want of *Manners*.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,

X.

MR. EDITOR,

HALS, in his history of Cornwall, (published upwards of an hundred years since) has the following curious anecdote, which I think will prove amusing to your readers. I shall copy it verbatim. Speaking of Constantine, he says, "In this parish is the dwelling of Edward Chapman, gent. who married Bligh of Botadon. This gentleman received from God's holy angels a wonderful preservation, in the beginning of the reign of William III. when, returning from Redruth towards his own house, about seven miles distant, with his servant, late at night,

they (considering they were to pass through several tin mines or shafts, near the highway on the south-east side of Redruth town) alighted both from their horses, and led them in their hands after them. The servant went somewhat before his master, the better to keep the right road in those places, which occasioned Mr. Chapman's turning somewhat out of the way, whereby in the dark he suddenly fell into a tin mine, above twenty fathom deep, at whose fall into this precipice the horse started back and escaped. In this pit or hole Mr. Chapman fell directly down fifteen fathom, without let or intermission; where meeting with a cross drift (above six fathom of water under it) he in his campaign-coat, sword, and boots, was miraculously stopped; where coming to himself, he was not much sensible of any hurt or bruises he had received, through the terror and horror of his fall: when considering in what condition he was, he resolved to make the best expedient he could to prevent his falling further down, where by the dropping or reezing of the stones and earth moved by his fall, he understood there was much water under. So he rested his back against one side of the mine, and his feet against the other, athwart the hole; and, in order to fix his hands on some solid thing, drew his sword out of its sheath, and thrust the blade thereof as far as he could in the opposite part of the shaft, and so in great pain and terror rested himself.

"The suddenness of this accident, and the horse's escaping in the dark, as aforesaid, was the reason why Mr. Chapman's servant, who went before him, did not so soon find him wanting as otherwise he might; which, as soon as he did, he went back the roadway in quest of him, calling him aloud by his name. But receiving no answer, nor being able to find the horse, he concluded his master was rode home to his house some other way. Whereupon, giving over further search after him, he hastened home to Constantine, expecting to have found him there; but, contrary to his expectation, found he was not returned. Whereupon his servants, early next morning, went forth to enquire after him; and suspecting (as it happened) he might be fallen into some tin shaft about Redruth, hastened thither. Where before they arrived, some tinners had taken into their custody his horse (with saddle and bridle on) which they found grazing in the Wastrel Downs. Whereupon consulting together about this tragical mishap, it was resolved forthwith that some of those tinners, for reward, should search the most dangerous shafts, in order to find his body either living or dead. Accordingly they employed themselves that day 'till about four o'clock in the afternoon, without any discovery of him. Finally, one person returned to his company, and told them that at a considerable distance he heard a kind of human voice under ground. To which place they repaired,

and making loud cries at the hole of the shaft, he forthwith answered them that he was alive, and craved their assistance, in order to deliver him from that tremendous place. Whereupon they immediately set on tackle, ropes, and windless on the old shaft; so that a tinner descended to the place where he was, and having candle-light with him, bound him fast in a rope, and so drew him safely to land; where, to their great admiration and joy, it appeared he had neither broke any bone, or was much bruised by the fall; verifying the attribute of divine omnipotence, so that nothing is impossible with God: for, as the tinners said, if he had fallen but two or three feet lower, he must inevitably have been drowned in the water. But, I say, maugre all these adverse accidents, after about seventeen hours stay in the pit aforesaid, he miraculously escaped death, and lived many years after; and would recount this history with as much pleasure as men do the ballad of Chevy Chace, or Rosamond Clifford."

Mr. Editor,
Your most obedient,

X.

Particulars of the Liberation of Mrs. Spencer Smith from the French Police, and of her subsequent Flight through Italy, the Tyrol, Styria, Bohemia, Gallicia, Poland, and Livonia.

(Continued from Page 948.)

THE lateness of the hour at which we arrived, and the presence of the count, who had brought many letters for Mrs. Smith, prevented me from concerting with her the measures to be adopted. I wished to visit Salò, and examine its position and police; and also to obtain information of the rules observed at the gates of Brescia in passing. For this purpose, and while the police of Brescia yet remained ignorant of my arrival with Mrs. Smith, I went early the next morning to get my passport signed for the Tyrol. I wished to have it done for Vienna; but this was impossible, as it had been made out for Milan at Venice. From the police I hastened to observe the outlets of the city, and discover the easiest way of getting away; but, to my sorrow, I could see no other passage than through the gates, which were all strongly guarded. I next set about providing a light carriage, in order to be always furnished with a vehicle; and also obtaining horses, so that we might be able to avoid waiting at the post-houses, where we might possibly be in danger of being surprised. I was not able to find either the

horses or carriage so soon as I wanted them; however, as I never allowed any accident to depress me, or destroy my determinations, I considered them as only useful, but by no means indispensible. I employed the short remaining part of the morning (before the gend'armes were likely to look after me), in obtaining a bill of health at the office, which would be necessary on entering another country. I next went in search of a man's dress for the disguise of Mrs. Smith. All this I accomplished before ten o'clock in the forenoon; when I went to see her, and found her alone. I shewed her the passport signed for Trent, and the bill of health; and told her that I had in my possession the clothes with which she was to disguise herself as a man. On my producing these to her, she was at once forcibly struck with the dangers that were to be encountered: and the idea of attempting a task so extremely arduous, threw her for the first time into an apparent alarm, leaving her no resource but the mere desire of obtaining liberty.

Being fixed in my resolution, I availed myself of the hour while the soldiers were at the door, to settle with her all that was to be prepared and attempted. I told her that I should go during the night to reconnoitre the environs of Brescia and the town of Salò; that I would examine whatever obstacles might occur likely to occasion a surprise on our outset; and that I would acquaint her, and at least prevent every suspicion: that I would investigate the impediments likely to happen in the Tyrol, and endeavour to counteract them: in short, that I would collect all the information possible respecting the places through which we were to pass, ensure our passage through the gates of Brescia, fix on each station, and contrive infallible measures for eluding the vigilance of every ferocious Argus, however attentive.

She thought she perceived the will of providence in my determination to save her: and regarded me as the friend who was to break her chains; and to guide her to a husband, to her children, and relatives. She therefore confided herself to my care; she agreed to follow up all my steps; and overcome, as far as she was able, every impediment. I could not however depart from her, and go away alone, without acquainting the gend'armes, to whose vigilance I was in some degree entrusted, with instructions, stating that I was to accompany her to Milan.

Nothing was more easy to obtain than the soldier's permission to leave her, as a stranger's presence incommoded them; besides the incessant watch they kept over him, the orders of the government relative to the lady being extremely rigid in every respect. On quitting Mrs. Smith, I told the guards that my affairs prevented me from continuing any longer in the company of this woman: that the slow manner in which she travelled, staying so long at every place, greatly retarded my journey;

that

that I had to go to Paris with all possible dispatch: and besides (flattering them by apparent confidence), I assured them that it was disagreeable to me to continue any longer with a prisoner; nor did I like to expose my conduct to the stigma of being the friend of a woman whose arrest was demanded by the emperor of the French. I added, that for this last reason in particular, I did not wish to go to Milan with her, and desired that very evening to depart from Brescia; adding, that as I did not like to tell the lady that such was my intention, I begged as a favour that they would have the goodness to inform her of it themselves. The fierce-looking sentinels murmured their opinions to one another, and turning to me in a friendly tone, advised me to leave her, promising that they would acquaint her punctually. Count Attems afterwards on hearing that I had left them without saying a word to him, was astonished, as much friendship had always existed between us.

I hired a horse and small chaise for a couple of days, agreeing to leave them at Salò, to a vetturino of which place, named Silvestro, the chaise belonged. After this I concealed myself in the most solitary part of the city, to avoid suspicion. Count Ghizzalo (brother to the colonel of that name), to whom Mrs. Smith was directed at Brescia, endeavoured very politely to render her short stay there agreeable, and offered to accompany her himself, with the gend'armes, to the theatre. I was to set out that night, but wished first to have a few more explanations with Mrs. Smith. I wanted to instruct her how she was to be sure of my secret return to Brescia, and to act so precisely as might preclude every possibility of surprise.

The better to conceal every appearance of our project, I went to the theatre with her; in the view likewise of finding, after our return, a favourable moment for speaking to her alone. I reflected that this would be our last interview if my efforts should fail: it was at such a crisis that she had to rely on her own courage and presence of mind, while irresolution or delay might prove fatal; fear was to be avoided, and every weakness to be set aside. At twelve o'clock at night, after our return from the theatre, we endeavoured to send every one away, and fortunately were left alone. "This is the last time," said I, "that we are to speak together. I now depart, nor am I to see you again but out of these walls, where you are closely guarded. I can no longer visit the room where you are a prisoner, and I am no further to continue a witness of your ill-fated journey. Should my motions be traced by the subtle traitor; or, on my return, should I be surprized at the gates, or when I am near the inn; then if my evil destiny becomes known to you, be sure to deny that you were in any manner concerned in my schemes. Say that you had never discovered in me the least inclination to relieve you: complain of my conduct which occasioned the

suspicion of the government; and represent in the harshest terms, to the officers who may suppose you concerned, the imprudence of my character: appear amazed at what I dared to attempt, curse the day that I came with you from Venice, and shew the greatest willingness to pursue your journey. Thus these enemies will not vent their rage upon you: it will fall on my head, who am better able to bear it. They will be satisfied by punishing him who will repeat in the hour of torment, his constant desire, his duty as a man, to save you. But if I succeed in eluding their attention; if, happy in the lonely silence of night, to-morrow I regain these walls; and in darkness accost this house, unnoticed by any person, while you in this chamber anticipate my steps in your mind: then, at eleven o'clock, free from the intrusion of others, do you let down a string from the window to the ground, to which I will tie a paper that shall convey all that I may have discovered and prepared, and what I shall have resolved upon. I shall mention the precise time for the attempt, the plan to be followed, and the measures conducive for ensuring a happy issue. I shall not conceal from you the impediments that may strike me as likely to obstruct us: do not fear that I shall betray you and myself, if it is impossible to escape. In short, you shall read what you have to perform: you will then consider how much you have to undertake, and how you are to accompany me. If you should deem your chambermaid an object of hindrance to you, or consider her capable of betraying us at such a juncture, let her drink be cautiously mixed with some narcotic, that may lay her to sleep. Take leave of your brother only in thought, and beware of speaking a word that may lead him to apprehend what you are about to do: let no involuntary impulse of nature expose you, but reflect on what is to be done. Avoid all confusion and agitation as much as possible: let the idea of sacred liberty shield you from anxiety: let the fond hope of seeing your children and relatives once more, animate you in the trial: be certain of a happy result, and reject every pernicious doubt."

Her mind was strengthened: her courage supported her amply, and all her accents tended to convince me of the fortitude of her character. I glowed with rapture at seeing her equal to the imminence of the risk: her sentiments stimulated me not to make the least further delay, and I immediately took my leave of her.

At four o'clock in the morning I passed the gates of Brescia, and directed my steps to Salò. I viewed the surrounding hills and the chain of mountains along the road: open cavities and recesses proper for sheltering the forlorn fugitive, drew my attention; these I strictly inspected; determining, in case circumstances should turn out unfortunate, and the soldiers should

be

be in pursuit of us, we would hide ourselves there 'till the danger in some degree subsided. The prospect of the country was delightful, and the silence and solitude, so congenial to my situation, that reigned throughout the scene, seemed to prognosticate that the path which I then trod was the least replete with danger.

On my arrival at Saló, no officer appeared at the gate to demand my passport; nor did I perceive any crowd of idle gazers gathering about my chaise to look at the stranger, as is the custom in the small towns and villages of Italy. This made me hope that I should be able to pass through this place with ease; as such curiosity, besides being troublesome, might to people in our situation (who have every thing to apprehend) turn out fatal. I visited the village; and perceiving no sign of a military force, I resolved with pleasure to come this way. I applied to the police to have my passport signed for Trent; saying that I wished to get it done the day before, as I intended to come the following morning very early. I then hastened to the borders of the Lake di Garda; where I engaged a covered boat with twelve oars, to be ready the next morning at six o'clock for passing the lake with all expedition. I feared, and justly, that on landing on the other side of the lake, we might not be able to find either horses or carriage, and thus be obliged to go as far as Roveredo on foot; and as in such a case we should be exposed to the greatest danger of being overtaken, I resolved on hiring a carriage and horses at Salò to carry us to Trent. I settled for another boat (to convey the carriage, &c. across the lake to Riva, the landing place), which was to follow the course of our's.

At eleven o'clock in the forenoon, nothing remained further to prepare at Salò, but as I could not well return to Brescia before the evening, so I was obliged to wait at Salò 'till eight o'clock, at the house of Silvestro, to whom the chaise belonged. I sat reflecting on the perilous moment of Mrs. Smith's escape from the room. In this first, this difficult step towards her freedom, I considered the extreme danger of her leaping from a window at such a great height; and to get away by any door of the inn was totally impossible. I therefore studied how I could make a ladder of rope and pieces of wood: and though I never had any taste for mechanics, I bought the necessary materials, and succeeded in making one as long as I thought would be required. When this important implement was finished, I wrote the letter, in which I informed her minutely of what I had prepared, and what I had discovered: assuring her that we had no prominent obstacle to fear in our flight. I told her of the ladder, which she was to tie to the iron of the window; and that by two o'clock in the morning I would be under the window, waiting for her: that she must avail herself of the

time

time when the guards were all fast asleep, for descending; but to wait first for a signal from me, which would assure her that nobody was in sight: for if persons passed at the time, it might frustrate all our operations, and perhaps betray us. I concluded by exhorting her not to hesitate an instant in exposing her life thus, to recover her freedom, rather than submit herself a victim to a cruel captivity.

I left Salò when the sun had sunk below the horizon, and in repassing the hills, the hope of seeing them again the next morning, and the fear of never returning that way, agitated me extremely. One moment I was overjoyed with the idea that perhaps, within a few hours, I should there sing my first hymn to newly-recovered liberty, in company with the unhappy fugitive; and at another I was filled with the apprehension of being surprised there by the gend'armes: my imagination sometimes anticipated the most favourable night for the accomplishment of our design; and soon after figured some person observing our motions, then our discovery, my seizure, bloodshed, Mrs. Smith's dread; in short, the most cruel terrors. These images were heightened by the darkness that enveloped every object.

As I drew near the walls of Brescia, I could not help considering them as about to be those of my prison. I entered the very instant of shutting the gates. I left the horse and chaise at an inn situated in a solitary square on the left, telling the ostler that I would return by three in the morning.

(To be continued.)

Particulars of the Inhabitants and Climate of Marylaud.

[From a Journal kept by a Gentleman who visited that Settlement.]

THE men of Maryland are in general swarthy, tall, and athletic. To the climate, stoves, and immoderate use of tobacco, may be, in a great measure, attributed their swarthy and unhealthy appearance, particularly the Germans. The women are tall, genteel, many handsome, some beautiful and easy in their carriage. They are, however, deficient in personal cleanliness, as well as the men. That ingredient in the continuation and formation of health and beauty, to which our British fair are no strangers, would, if practised, enhance the charms of many a black-eyed Marylander. Their teeth are in general bad, owing, I think, to a hot and saline diet of tea and coffee, hot bread, sausages highly seasoned, salt and hung beef, and salt fish morning, noon, and night. They omit, too, the very necessary precaution of washing their

mouths every morning, using the finger to the teeth, instead of a hard pernicious brush. Many are not deficient in education, but the abominable system of negro slavery frequently puts to flight all their good principles and habits of industry learnt at school. Depending upon negro exertion for every thing about their houses and persons, they are literally the slaves of slaves, and victims of spleen, ennui, and the most odious passions.

The most predominant diseases are fever and ague, and of late consumption, particularly amongst the females. I observe from the weekly lists of deaths in Baltimore, that about one-third is from the latter disease. Dr. Rush, in designating this the British disease, laments its appearance and increase in America, as an unequivocal symptom of a departure from the simple mode of life pursued by our ancestors. Highly seasoned dishes, liquors, tea, balls, routes, dress, or rather nudity, &c. have an injurious effect upon the constitution just in the proportion of immoderate and unseasonable enjoyment. The formidable train of nervous affections is to be traced to them, which have penetrated from the toilette of the fine lady even to the workshop of the artisan. Many of the old complaints have been banished by them, or so changed in their symptoms and operation as to be scarcely recognizable.

The cattle are subject to many disorders in these parts. The bloody murrain often visits them. What is the cause of this fatal distemper, the people cannot tell, but if a conjecture might be hazarded, as it generally attacks young cattle from one to two years old, I think it is owing to their feeding upon marshy grass, with which the meadows abound at the latter end of the year. Cattle above that age being exempt from it, perhaps, from the superior strength of their constitutions, or the discrimination of their palates, which makes them avoid feeding upon the noxious grass. In this case, draining would prevent the growth of such grass, and, of course, the distemper. They shew it first by violent twitchings in the flanks, then they become so weak that they lie down, and seem to lose all pain for the last three or four hours of life. They die within the twenty-four hours. I saw one opened. The coat of the stomach was peeled off in places, and inflamed and rotten where it remained; the inside was even black, the kidneys were inflamed, turgid, and bloody; the lobes of the lungs and auricles of the heart were black, and upon cutting into the loins on the back, there were numerous small lumps of black-clotted blood. A most intolerable stench issued from the carcase. A man from Gettisburg, who was going by with his waggon, said that he had lost some young cattle this winter of the same distemper. He had given to the surviving

viving ones one spoonful of alum and brimstone in equal parts, morning, noon, and night, and thought it a preventive.

DECREASE *of* SOCIABILITY *in* VIENNA.

[From Pezzl's Sketches of Vienna in 1805.]

THE period when the inhabitants of Vienna were most sociably disposed, was indisputably that from 1781 to 1787. The tone of society was then cheerful, open, sincere, and unaffected. It was a cheap time—a time of profound peace, when money was plentiful. Every one sought to procure pleasures and enjoyments, and to these society is the main spring. A certain air of general happiness pervaded the imperial metropolis. But since then the times have been continually changing for the worse.

Wars broke out, and their progress and results naturally excited some concern in the bosom of every well-disposed patriot. Bad seasons, and other circumstances occasioned a dearth, which imposed the necessity for various kinds of retrenchments that were severely felt. These events rendered the physiognomy of Vienna more and more gloomy, and the disposition of its inhabitants more and more unsociable.

Meanwhile the baleful French revolution began to rage in its utmost violence. Every one must still recollect the powerful impressions which the appearance of this political monster made upon the minds of all; with what warmth people of all ranks immediately censured or applauded it; what discord and divisions this subject excited among acquaintances, friends, relatives, nay, even individuals of the same family; and these by no means tended to promote the former good-humour and sociability which prevailed at Vienna.

It is equally well known to what mad and guilty measures the democratic fever which then raged, impelled certain wrongheads of Vienna; measures from which every honest mind recoiled with horror, and which, when made public, produced a lively conviction how easily unaffected candour and artless sincerity may fall a prey to the wicked machinations of designing men.

Every honest man now became more difficult in the choice of his company, more circumspect in his words, more mistrustful of his declarations and expressions of others. Many things which before were harmless jests, might now be misunderstood or misinterpreted. A tone of timidity and reserve succeeded; people shunned even innocent connections, and habits of isolation became general.

The turn which things gradually took in France, as lamentable as it was unexpected, even by the friends to the sovereignity of the people, has now, it is true, put to shame the political fanatics in Germany, and converted the greater part of them. In spite of this alteration, a considerable degree of unsociable coldness was still left behind; and it was not 'till the short period of peace that this began in some measure to be moved.

NAUTICAL ANECDOTE.

WHEN the count de Lille [Louis XVIII.] was landed at Yarmouth from the Freya Swedish frigate, he was rowed on shore by British sailors; and the count, grateful for the particular attention shewed him, left behind him a purse of fifteen guineas, for the tars to drink his health. On the matter being explained to them, not one of them would touch a farthing, but immediatel transmitted a letter to Admiral Russel, expressive of their sentiments on the occasion, which is truly characteristic of British semen. The following is a literal copy, and has been read by the count with peculiar delight:

"*Majestic, 6 Day Nov.* 1807.

"PLEASE YOUR HONOUR,

"We holoed a Talk about that there 15l. that was sent us, and hope no offence your honour. We dont like to take it, because as how we knows fast enuff that it was the true king of France that went with your honour in the boat, and that he and our noble king, God bless em both, and give every one his right, is good Friends now; and besides that your honour gived a Order long ago, not to take no money from nobody, and we never did take none, and Mr. Leneve, that steered your honour and that there king, says he won't have no hand in it, and so does Andrew Young, the proper coxen, and we hopes no offence, so we all one and all, begs not to take it at all. So no more at present from your honours dutiful servants,

AND. YOUNG, *Coxen*,	THO. SIMMERS,
JAMES MAUN,	THO. THESANE,
LEWIS BRYAN,	SIMON DUFT,
JAMES LORD,	W. FAIRCLOUGH.
JAMES HOOD,	JOHN CHURCHILL.
W. EDWARDS,	THO. LAWRENCE.
JAS. HOLSHAN,	JACOB GABRIEL.
THO. LAURIE,	WM. MUZZEY.

This anecdote furnishes another proof of that true generosity by which that eccentric body of men is distinguished.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to W. D. Champion's Charade, inserted October 12.

DID JUSTICE, queen of virtues! rest
Within each mortal's throbbing breast,
He happy then would live and die,
And unto Heaven his soul would fly,
Where angels songs of praises sing,
To God our judge, and hallow'd king.

*** Similar answers have been also received from J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; R Loosemore, of Tiverton; G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; R. M. Giffard, S. Paull, J. Horsey, and W. King, of Castle Cary academy; a serjeant of the Broadhembury volunteers; J. Colley, of St. Dominick; Hester Easter, of Poole; John Ryan, of Stonehouse; H. Stoneman, of Exeter; J. Woodman, of North Curry; John Whitnell, of Street; G. Spry, Egg Buckland; G Coulman, of Broadhempston; P. Codd, of Plymouth; H. Lucas, of Lyme; W. T. Dineck, of St. Budeaux; T Coumbe, of St. German's; G. D. O. of Beer; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; J. Vellenowth, near Helston; J. Trood, of Bridgewater; Mary Symons, of Honiknowl-house; and J. R. S of Awliscombe.

Answer, by J. Ryan, of Stonehouse, to J. B.'s Rebus, inserted October 19.

A NUTMEG will, I think, unfold,
The mystery that you try'd to hold.

☞ We have received the like answer from W D. Champion, and J. Trood, of Bridgewater; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; T. Coumbe, and J. Colley, of St. German's; H. Ellis, of Exeter; S. Paull, R. M. Giffard, J. Horsey, and William King, of Castle Cary academy; W. D. of Bristol; J. Vellenoweth, near Helston; J Woodman, of North Curry; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; J. R. S R. of Awliscombe, Luna, of Membury; G. D. O. of Beer; G. Geach of Wadebridg; J. Colley, of St. Dominick; H. Lucas, of Lyme; J. Whitnell, of Street; and an officer of the customs.

A CHARADE, *by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.*

WHEN Adam first from Paradise was hurl'd
My first became a terror to the world;
My second, Sirs, is but a single letter,
The sooner you can find it out the better:
My whole of different colours you may view,
Which sometimes makes old things appear like new;
In variegated forms attracts the sight,
And fills the mind with wonder and delight.

A REBUS, *by J. Horsey, of Castle Cary Academy.*

A BIRD that's fabulous display;
A note in music then essay;
An appellation make appear;
A Persian garment pray declare;
A poet then I'd have you tell,
Whose works but very few excel;
A foreign town you'll next explain;
And now a season, gents. retain:
The initials find, and them combine,
A bird with ease you will define.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

EVENING.

YON beauteous star, serenely bright,
(The first fair harbinger of night)
My drooping soul inspires;
Pensive, beneath its beam I stray,
Intent, in reason's sober way,
To check my fond desires.

Ah vain attempt! No aid I find,
No balm to heal the wounded mind,
No solace for the heart;
Love spurns at every proffer'd cure,
Resolv'd, undaunted, to endure
The venom of its dart.

Sweet evening! tho' I seldom gain
An intermission to my pain,
'Mid fashion's empty throng,
Yet oft beneath thy placid sway,
Each tyrant-passion dies away,
To hear thy warbler's song.

X.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

EPITAPH.

REST, lovely innocent! from ills to come,
In gentle slumbers, and an early tomb:
Could parent fondness cease thy fate to mourn,
Hearts then might rend, and blood bedew thy urn.
All the fair graces that enrich the mind,
Rose with thy growth, and were in thee conjoin'd.
Disease, alas! has brought thee to the dust,
Spoil'd thy fair structure, and dislodg'd its guest;
A lineage high—transcriptive heir of God,
Upborne by angels to their bright abode;
To Jesu's throne, where mystic deeds engage,
His active thoughts, mature beyond his age;
Where the sweet seraph soon we hope to see,
Embrace, and dwell along with Deity.
Lo! this last tribute:—we can give no more,
Lov'd much in life, much we his loss deplore.

Dock, Devon.

The WITHERED OAK.

'TWAS autumn—the sun now descending the sky,
In a robe of bright crimson and gold was array'd;
While the pale sickly moon scarcely open'd her eye,
Just peep'd thro' the forest, and silver'd the glade.

The

The voice of the evening was heard in the trees—
Each chirper so merry was seeking his nest;
The anthems of insects were mix'd with the breeze,
And nature look'd pleas'd—all her children were blest.

E'en the trees appear'd drest in their holiday clothes,
And they wav'd their green arms, and they seem'd to rejoice,
While methought as I listen'd, at times there arose
From each oak's ivied branches a deity's voice.

But ah! there was one that did not appear gay,
Nor wave his long branches, now verdant no more!
The bird as he views him soars silent away,
His genius is dead, and his honours are o'er.

Once green, like the rest, strong and lovely he grew,
The warbler once dwelt in each well-cover'd bough,
The breezes saluted his leaves as they flew;
Yes, he has been—but now, alas! what is he now?

The rays of the morning still shine on the tree,
And evening still waters the trunk with her tears;
The wild flower and wheat sheaf around it we see,
But a wintery ruin this ever appears.

Oh! say, is it age that has alter'd thy form,
(For care and affliction thou never hast known,)
Or hast thou been struck by the pitiless storm,
That thou thus seem'st to pine and to wither alone!

Thou art silent—the silence may fancy improve;
Come pause here a while—it is what thou may'st be!
Ah! oft in the heyday of pleasure and love,
Old friend, I shall sigh as I think upon thee.

On FEMALE MERIT.

[From Wordsworth's Poems.]

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrow, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see, with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath;
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel light.